

# A PANEGYRICK, on His Grace the Duke of ALBEMARLE,

Installed CHANCELLOR of the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE, May the 11th. 1682.

I.

**A**Midst the Noisy Crouds of Jealous Fears,  
 VWhich trouble less our Eyes than Ears,  
 And with much Labour wou'd in us advance  
 The only Art of *Easie Ignorance*;  
 Amidst the dark *Designs of Factions Pride*,  
 Ceasing with wonted Bravery to Ride  
 In *Popularity's* now-ebbing Tide;

What Blessed *Omen* this?  
 VWhat Glorious *Hero* Strikes our sight,  
 Causing at once in us a Dazling Bliss,  
 And opening our Eyes with *Heavenly light*,  
 (For surely such from Heaven derived is.)  
 To see and know our Happiness,  
 To see, *Old Time* repair his Force,  
 And make the Learned years renew their Course:  
 VWhile Pens snatch'd from his VVings do try,  
 To change him to *Eternity*;  
 By Praising ALBEMARLES Great name,  
 And Damning all *Rebellion* to Suffer Fame.

II.

No more shall the *Phanatique Python* Stain  
*Parnassus* with his Venom o're again,  
 By Thee, the great *Apollo*, Slain.  
 No more th' *Athenian* Statutes shall be VVrit,  
 In *Baleful Characters* of *Humane Blood*:  
 Nor shall *Dull Rebels* prove their only VVit,  
 VWhich is to Destroy It.  
 Now the Town's safe, not by a VVall of VVood;  
 But through \* Thy Bounty *Arts* Securely *Trin. Coll.*  
 On wise *Seth's Columns* to Resist the Flood.  
 Thou com'st a *Patron* and a *Founder* too,  
 And mak'st those Stately *Structures* shew;  
 Learning is no such Clownish Thing,  
 But may be fit, the Polit Court of the most *Serene* King.

III.

Arts, which for many Ages have been Lost,  
 And Bury'd in the Grave of *Destiny*,  
 Shall now Revived be  
 Out of their Dead Obscurity,  
 And Fate shall find her *Jurisdiction* Crost.  
 Under Thy Influence, and to our Surprise  
 More Fruitful *Vaticans* shall Arise:  
 And we shall view in *Sciences* large Sphere  
 Many a new Star, not before seen there:  
 No End in that vast Circle shall appear.  
 And, tho in these *Benighted* times  
 Knowledge and VVit may only lead to Crimes,  
 A more Illustrious day now flows from Thee,  
 VWherein Restored is true *Learned Loyalty*,  
 Marching in Goodly Pride and Goodly Company.

IV.

See, see the God-like Son of Restoration,  
 Two greatest Blessings, which Man ever sought,  
 Or a Forgiving God e'r brought  
 To a Distress'd and yet repining Nation.  
 See him of Heavenly Form, Mild and Severe,  
 Raising at once Sweet Love, and awful Fear:  
 The *Lion* and the *Rose* of CHARLES's Arms are there;  
 Ready at home to Council with his VVord,  
 And Act abroad those Councils with His Sword:  
 Ready on all Results to bear a Part  
 In Troubles for to ease his Prince's Heart?  
 Counting flat *Treason* Then the Middle way,  
 And, to sit Unconcern'd, is, to Betray;  
 VWhen *Faction* under shew of Publick Good  
 Thirsts after private wicked ends and *Sacred Blood*.

V.

VWhile the Great Soul of ALBEMARLE, the Sire,  
 Triumphant to it's Heaven did Retire,  
 He stood, like th' *Attick Hero*, at His Death,  
 And his own Statue did to Future Fame Bequeath.  
 He stood, and Tearing from his Breast his Son,  
 (Summing up all past Glories in That one,)  
 Deliver'd him to CHARLES with the same Hand,  
 Which Empires us'd to Give, and Armies to Command:  
 'Take this my only Comfort, SIR, (said he,)  
 'Take this my Richest Legacy,  
 'That of due Right, is Forfeited to Thee.  
 'The Land is Thine: Do Thou Refine the Ore;  
 'And wearing Thy own Stamp 'twill be worth more;  
 'Be Thou his Guardian, and may he Defend,  
 'His and the Faith's Defender ———.

VI.

He said: The Heavenly Powers all Listning Sate,  
 And Heard, what they already had made Fate.  
 Raised they had Thy Soul to such a thought,  
 As that thy Father's Services were nought;  
 Another's Merits are not by Thee Sought.  
 They had with Warlike Virtue endu'd Thee,  
 Virtue, which might be termed Extasy,  
 And only Feared, not to Die:  
 Yet Acting solidly the Souldiers part  
 And Thy Paternal *Military Art*:  
 Making the meanest Labour still Thy Own,  
 Encouragement Thou Scatterst and Renown;  
 And rendring Thy self equal unto All,  
 'Bove 'em Thou Risest in Thy Fall.  
 Others with their Large Pay do less,  
 Than Thou canst do with meer Address,  
 Advancing Valour to an Higher Place,  
 Thou mak'st it Greater by Thy GRACE;  
 As Clearer to Receive the *Complements*  
 Of Thy Exalted Soul, both Clear and Sound,  
 Like the Fair Atoms of a *Diamond*,  
 VWhich takes the Eye, and Light to it Presents.

VII.

Such were those Conquerours, whose Praise of old  
 In *Mars's* and *Fame's TRUMP* was told;  
 And we may call 'em Prophecies of Thee,  
 Since Thou livest o're their History,  
 And vouchest Times new *Palingenesis*.  
 VWith Thee They chang'd Their Armour to a Gown,  
 And wholly made the Common Meed their own,  
 Learning and War's great Lawrel-Crown.  
 The Pen did whet the Noble Victor's Sword,  
 VWhile this to that Protection and Guidance did afford.  
 And such art thou, who gladfom Peace dost give,  
 That knowledge, Peace's Eldest Child may Thrive;  
 And all the *Muses* may in Sober Safety live.  
 A Blessed hour, wherein we see  
 Immortal Honours Honoured by Thee:  
 VVe make the *Chancellour*, and Thou the *University*.

F I N I S.

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